

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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and with an eye of impassible solemnity. I felt that she had a low, delicate, and so she passed me in the street, and the fancy how the words must linger and that red lip, with its deep colour and its fulour. Years after, when I had become a man, I was introduced to her. I made some remarks, and with my hands still floating in my mind, waited almost only for her answer. When she did speak, perfectly electrified. Such a wonderful air of utterance, such a volume of language, heard from the lips of a woman. My gas over.

It was always a wonder to me, that the voice reflected in a fashionable education. Then for it was even more, greater even than for it is never suspected. Nothing to indifference, and indifference is a load when any body may learn, and when, nobody cares to hear. But a low tone of the great secret of a woman's chance? Nothing wins like refinement, manner or tone, it is alike irresistible. So a woman who would captivate must be simply leaving on their own. It was simply she knew, and she did that beauty said more plainly than she could have said. I confide in you utterly? and why, not been initiated, could read such an. There is something in words spoken meant for one's ear alone, which the heart like enchantment. I never saw a low voiced woman if she is not young, nor on other a childlike innocent and truly the practiced witchery of a woman of, who knows too well for me the secret were.

are circumstances in which the strongest course would. I once watched with a friend in a solitary farm house. It was a night in December, and there was not to be heard beyond his post noise. It waited but a quarter to one, and to anticipate the striking of the large clock stood in the farthest corner of the which I sat. It was, at first, simply even to my friends' comfort, for he was so slow, and I feared it might wake him, so my sleep had got that night. I sat

as degrees in it as in beauty. The tones of affec-

[illegible]

ing story connected with the church-bells:

Italy, which made me even fonder all over me for their peculiar animosity and aversion, was made by a young Italian artist, his heart's pride. During the war, he was sacked, and the bells carried off, no one after. After the truce was at issue, he returned to his work, but it had been of his life to wander about at evening to the clime of his bells, and he grew longer and sick, and pined for them till he no longer bear it, and left his home, due to wander over the world and hear those bells he had. He went from land to land, stopping in every village, till the hope sustained him began to falter, and he lost that he was dying. He lay on his back in a boat that was slowly floating down the river, and he heard the bells again, that was near at hand, and he saw the hills of Genoa. Presently, the vessel broke of a distant spot to tug, and as the clime shifted over the river with the evening breeze, he lay on his lethargy. He was not conscious, deep, solemn, heavenly vision of his and the sounds that he had chased to his heart, were coming over the water from the boat, with his ear close to the side of the river, and listened. They began and ceased—and he still lay in his painful posture. His corpse, he told him, but he gave no answer, and he followed the last sound of the vessel.

is something exceedingly impressive in the ringing of church bells on the stillness of the night. I doubt whether it is not more so in a great city than anywhere else. The sound of any single, strong feeling, in a great people, has something of awful

ful the organ of strong feeling, and of thoughts which
of nature's breathless Sabbath. I know

the goal of the early is just is
The deserted pavements, the closed way
the places of business, the decent gravity
stary passenger, and, next all, the feeling
we know that the fear of God is banished
a great shadow over the thousand hun-
dreds who are sitting still in their dwell-
ings and you, were enough, if there were no
consistency, to hatch the heart, like a re-
minder. But when the bells peal out and
lead us to the temple of God, and
we roll on through the crowded streets,
unanswered by the sound of any human
the din of any human recognition, the
sometimes seemed to our most solemn
our thought:
are beautiful, and perhaps, quite so salu-
re religious influence, in the sound of a
cathedral bell in the country. It comes
over the hills like the going ahead of a
on the heaven star with its vibrations,
rays of the dew tremble in the rays of
n, you could almost believe that there
health in Nature, and that the Jewish
God rendered visible worship for his
The effect of Nature alone is purity.

